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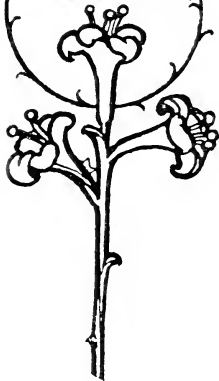
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Arthur
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ZFRM

*They are
Not Dead!*







They are Not Dead!

*Thoughts concerning
the Immortality
of the Soul*

*Chosen from the
Writings of notable
Authors by*

ERIC ARTHUR
and

MRS WILBRAHAM WARD

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THEY ARE NOT DEAD !

THOU wilt shew me the path
of life: in thy presence is
fulness of joy; at thy right hand
there are pleasures for evermore.

Psalm xvi, 11



WITH thee is the fountain of life:
in thy light shall we see light.

Psalm xxxvi, 9



BUT God will redeem my soul
from the power of the grave; for
he shall receive me.

Psalm xlix, 15



THE Lord shall preserve thy
going out and thy coming
in from this time forth, and even
for evermore.

Psalm cxxi, 8

✻ They are not Dead

THEN shall the dust return to the earth as it was; and the spirit shall return unto God who gave it.



Ecclesiastes xii, 7

O THOU Self-revealing One, reveal Thyself to me!

Rend this dark cover in twain and let the saving beam of Thy Smile of Grace strike through this night of gloom and waken my soul.

From unreality lead me to the Real, from death to Immortality.



The Upanishads

THE soul is not liable to birth nor to death: neither does it take its origin from any other or from itself; hence it is unborn,

They are not Dead ❀

eternal without reduction and unchangeable; therefore the soul is not injured by the hurt which the body may receive. If anyone ready to kill another imagines that he can destroy his soul, and the other thinks that his soul shall suffer destruction, they both know nothing, for neither does it kill nor is it killed by another.

Kut'h Upanishad



THE soul within its mortal
frame glides on through
childhood, youth, and age,
Then in another form renew'd,
renews its stated course
again.

.

✻ They are not Dead

It is not born—it doth not die;
past, present, future knows it
not;

Ancient, eternal and unchang'd, it
dies not with the dying frame.

.
As their old garments men cast off,
anon new raiment to assume,
So casts the soul its worn-out
frame, and takes at once
another form.

The weapon cannot pierce it
through, nor wastes it the
consuming fire;

The liquid waters melt it not, nor
dries it up the parching wind;

Impenetrable and unburned; im-
permeable and undried;

Perpetual, ever-wandering, firm,
indissoluble, permanent,

They are not Dead ☸

Invisible, unspeakable. Thus deeming, wherefore mourn for it?

Mahābhārata



HE [the soul] is not the body to be buried ; he will not remain with his friends after he has drunk the poison, but will go away to the happiness of the blessed.

SOCRATES



THE soul is self-moving, and therefore immortal.

PLATO



WHATSOEVER that be within us that feels, thinks, desires, and animates, it is something celestial, divine, and consequently imperishable.

ARISTOTLE

✻ They are not Dead

WHEN a person leaves his corpse like a log or a lump of clay on the ground, his kindred retire with averted faces; but his virtue accompanies his soul; continually therefore let him collect virtue, for the sake of securing an inseparable companion with whom he may traverse a darkness hard to be traversed.

Laws of Manu



FOR æons that no number can
compute,
All drunk and wild with ecstasy
of bliss
The ascetic in a dazzling spiral
flew,
And still the apex of perfection
neared.

They are not Dead ☸

But in that endless flight the sum
of joy
Across his vision and his senses
poured
Was nothing to the rapture which
he knew,
The solitary instant when he stood
Upon Nirvana's edge, and took the
leap
Which left poor Limitation's
marks behind
And made him absolute and total
All.

UNKNOWN



THE emancipated soul is that
illuminated person who
throws off his former accidents
and qualities and becomes one
with the true living, happy Being;

✽ They are not Dead

in like manner as the chrysalis becomes a butterfly.

Having crossed the sea of passion, and slain the evil spirits Love, Hatred, etc., he is joined to tranquillity and rejoices in Spirit.

Having renounced that pleasure which arises from external perishable objects, and enjoying spiritual delight, he is serene as the taper under a cover, and rejoices in his own essence.

The yogi during his residence in the body is not affected by its properties; as the firmament is not affected by what floats in it; knowing all things, he remains unconcerned, and moves free as the wind.

When the accidents are de-

They are not Dead ❧

stroyed, the yogi and all beings enter into the all - pervading Essence, as water mixes with water, ether with ether, fire with fire.

ATMA BOD'H



THERE is, I know not how, in the minds of men, a certain presage, as it were, of a future existence: and this takes the deepest root, and is most discoverable, in the greatest geniuses and most exalted souls.

CICERO



AS this unceasing activity of the soul derives its energy from its own intrinsic and essential powers, without receiving it from

✠ They are not Dead

any foreign or external impulse, it necessarily follows that its activity must continue for ever.

CICERO

Old Age



HE that loseth his life for my sake shall find it.

St Matthew x, 39



WELL done, thou good and faithful servant: . . . enter thou into the joy of thy lord.

St Matthew xxv, 21



BUT as touching the resurrection of the dead, have ye not read that which was spoken unto you by God, saying, I am the God of Abraham, and the God of

They are not Dead ❧

Isaac, and the God of Jacob?
God is not the God of the dead,
but of the living.

St Matthew xxii, 31-32



AND the world passeth away : . . .
but he that doeth the will of God
abideth for ever.

1 John ii, 17



THEN said Martha unto Jesus,
Lord, if thou hadst been here,
my brother had not died. . . .

Jesus said unto her, Thy brother
shall rise again.

Martha saith unto him, I know
that he shall rise again in the re-
surrection at the last day.

Jesus said unto her, I am the
resurrection, and the life : he that

✠ They are not Dead

believeth in me, though he were dead, yet shall he live :

And whosoever liveth and believeth in me shall never die.

St John xi, 21-26



IF in this life only we have hope in Christ, we are of all men most miserable. But now is Christ risen from the dead, and become the firstfruits of them that slept. . . . For as in Adam all die, even so in Christ shall all be made alive. . . .

But some man will say, How are the dead raised up? and with what body do they come? Thou fool, that which thou sowest is not quickened, except it die: and that which thou sowest, thou

They are not Dead ❧

sowest not that body that shall be, but bare grain, it may chance of wheat, or of some other grain: but God giveth it a body as it hath pleased him, and to every seed his own body. . . . So also is the resurrection of the dead. It is sown in corruption; it is raised in incorruption: it is sown in dishonour; it is raised in glory: it is sown in weakness; it is raised in power: it is sown a natural body; it is raised a spiritual body. . . . And as we have borne the image of the earthy, we shall also bear the image of the heavenly. . . . Death is swallowed up in victory. O death, where is thy sting? O grave, where is thy victory?

1 Corinthians xv, 19-55

✻ They are not Dead

I AM persuaded, that neither death, nor life, nor angels, nor principalities, nor powers, nor things present, nor things to come, nor height, nor depth, nor any other creature, shall be able to separate us from the love of God, which is in Christ Jesus our Lord.

Romans viii, 38-39



CHRIST hath abolished death, and hath brought life and immortality to light.



2 Timothy i, 10

THIS day which thou fearest so much, and which thou callest thy last, is the birthday of an eternity.

SENECA

They are not Dead ❧

WHAT are these which are arrayed in white robes? and whence came they? . . .

These are they which came out of great tribulation, and have washed their robes, and made them white in the blood of the Lamb.

Therefore are they before the throne of God, and serve him day and night in his temple: and he that sitteth on the throne shall dwell among them.

They shall hunger no more, neither thirst any more; neither shall the sun light on them, nor any heat.

For the Lamb which is in the midst of the throne shall feed them, and shall lead them unto

✠ They are not Dead

living fountains of waters: and God shall wipe away all tears from their eyes.



Revelation vii, 13-17

SURE is the death of him that is born, and sure is the birth of him that is dead.



Bhagavad Gītā

O YE . . . that hear and understand, look for your Shepherd, he shall give you everlasting rest; for he is nigh at hand. . . .

Be ready to the reward of the kingdom, for the everlasting light shall shine upon you for evermore.



2 Esdras ii, 34-35

FOR God created man to be immortal, and made him to be an image of his own eternity.

They are not Dead ❧

But the souls of the righteous are in the hand of God, and there shall no torment touch them.

In the sight of the unwise they seemed to die: and their departure is taken for misery.

The Wisdom of Solomon ii, 23; iii, 1-2



THE righteous live for evermore; their reward also is with the Lord, and the care of them is with the most High.

Therefore shall they receive a glorious kingdom, and a beautiful crown from the Lord's hand: for with his right hand shall he cover them, and with his arm shall he protect them.

The Wisdom of Solomon v, 15-16

✠ They are not Dead

So the death of your bodies is not destruction, but renovation.

ST CHRYSOSTOM



WHAT does not perish for God cannot perish for itself.

ST AUGUSTINE



COUNT not those who are killed in the way of God as dead, but living with their Lord, provided for, rejoicing in what God has brought them of His grace, and being glad for those who have not reached them yet—those left behind them.

There is no fear for them, and they shall not be grieved.

The Koran

They are not Dead ❀

THE death of body is the birth of soul.

HAKIM SANAI



HE Who gave them speech has brought them to silence ; He Who created them has caused them to perish ; but as He wore them out, so will He renew them ; as He scattered their frame, so will He reunite it.

IBN NUBATA



LIFE is a sleep till death awaken it.

AKHLAK-I-JALALI



THOU art buried in the ground
like the root,
While I stand above like the
withered branch.

JAMI

✻ They are not Dead

UNTIL thou castest off entirely
all thy superfluous flesh,
O contender in the race! thou wilt
never reach the goal.

KHWAJAH MUHAMMAD



THINK not this corpse before
you myself;
That corpse is mine, but it is not I.
I am an undying life and this is
but my body,
Many years my house and my
garment of change;
I am the bird and this body was
my cage.
I have winged my flight elsewhere
and left it for a token.
I have journeyed on and left you
behind.

They are not Dead ❧

How could I make an abode of
your halting stage?

Deem not death death, for it is in
truth

Life of lives, the goal of all our
longings.

GHAZZALI



COMMIT my body to the earth
and talk not of absence and
separation; for death is only a
veil through which lovers whisper
secrets.

UNKNOWN



TO thee it seems a setting, but
'tis a rising;
Though the vault seems a prison,
'tis the release of the soul.

✻ They are not Dead

What seed went down into the
earth but it grew?

What bucket was lowered but it
came out brim-full?

JALAL-UD-DIN RUMI



GRIP me, Death, as with a
wrestler's hold,

Let us grapple, limb to limb, in
strife;

Thou mayst wrest from me this
garment old,

I shall wrest from thee eternal life.

JALAL-UD-DIN RUMI



THERE is nothing strictly
immortal but immortality.

Whatever hath no beginning may
be confident of no end.

SIR THOMAS BROWNE

Urn Burial

They are not Dead ❧

EVERY spirit, as it is most pure,
And hath in it the more of
heavenly light,

So it the fairer body doth procure
To habit in; . . .

For of the soul the body form doth
take;

For soul is form, and doth the
body make.

EDMUND SPENSER



FOR all that moveth doth in
change delight,

But henceforth all shall rest eternally

With Him that is the God of
Sabbath hight.

O! Thou great Sabbath God, grant
me that Sabbath's right.

EDMUND SPENSER

✻ They are not Dead

MOUNT, mount, my soul! thy
seat is up on high,
Whilst my gross flesh sinks down-
ward, here to die.

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE

Richard II



HEAVEN take my soul, and England
keep my bones!

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE

King John



FOR my soul, what can it do to
that,
Being a thing immortal?

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE

Hamlet



DEATH is a friend of ours, and he
who is not ready to entertain him
is not at home.

FRANCIS BACON

They are not Dead ❧

DEATH hath a thousand doors to
let out life.

PHILIP MASSINGER



ONE short sleep past, we wake
eternally ;
And Death shall be no more.
Death, thou shalt die.

JOHN DONNE



O HARMLESS death ! Whom
still the valiant brave,
The wise expect, the sorrowful
invite,
And all the good embrace, who
know the grave
A short dark passage to eternal
light.

SIR WILLIAM DAVENANT

≡ They are not Dead

WHAT else is to be fear'd?
When we shall gain
Eternal life, or have no sense of
pain.

SIR JOHN DENHAM



DEATH, the gate of life.

JOHN MILTON



WHEN once our heav'nly-
guided soul shall climb,
Then, all this earthly grossness
quit,
Attired with stars, we shall for ever
sit,
Triumphing over Death, and
Chance, and thee, O Time.

JOHN MILTON

On Time

They are not Dead ☞

GREAT spirits never with their bodies die.

ROBERT HERRICK



THE human body cannot be absolutely destroyed with the body, but there remains of it something which is eternal.

B. SPINOZA



LET us gratefully remember that God infuses into our perishable frame a spiritual power, which can acknowledge the truth of His existence, adore the redundant plenitude of His perfections, rely on His goodness, fear His justice, and aspire to His immortality.

J. B. BOSSUET

✻ They are not Dead

NOR can spirits ever be divided
that love and live in the same
Divine Principle. . . . For they
must needs be present, that love
and live in that which is omni-
present.

WILLIAM PENN



ELSE whence this pleasing hope,
this fond desire,
This longing after immortality?
Or whence this secret dread, and
inward horror
Of falling into nought? Why
shrinks the soul
Back on herself, and startles at
destruction?
'Tis the divinity that stirs within
us;

They are not Dead ❧

'Tis Heaven itself that points out
an hereafter,
And intimates eternity to man.

JOSEPH ADDISON



DEATH is but crossing the World,
as Friends do the Seas. They live
in one another still.

WILLIAM PENN



DEATH cannot kill what never
dies.

WILLIAM PENN



THIS is the Comfort of Friends,
that though they may be said
to Die, yet their Friendship and
Society are, in the best Sense, ever
present, because Immortal.

WILLIAM PENN

✻ They are not Dead

THE soul, secure in her existence, smiles
At the drawn dagger and defies
its point.
The stars shall fade away, the sun
himself
Grow dim with age, and nature
sink in years,
But *Thou* shalt flourish in immortal youth,
Unhurt, amidst the war of elements,
The wreck of matter and the
crash of worlds.

JOSEPH ADDISON



DEATH'S but a path that must be
trod,
If man would ever pass to God.

THOMAS PARNELL

They are not Dead ❧

THEY that love beyond the World
cannot be separated by it.

WILLIAM PENN



THE world recedes ; it dis-
appears :

Heaven opens on my eyes, my ears
With sounds seraphic ring.

I live anew ! I rise ! I fly !

O grave ! where is thy victory ?

O death ! where is thy sting ?

ALEXANDER POPE



MAN, foolish man ! No more
thy soul deceive :

To die is but the surest way to
live.

WILLIAM BROOME

✻ They are not Dead

DEATH that entombs the body
lifts the soul.

.
Life makes the soul dependent on
the dust;

Death gives her wings to mount
above the spheres.

.
Death is the crown of life.

EDWARD YOUNG

Night Thoughts



EVERY one in heaven comes
into the highest joy of his
heart; greater joy he could not
endure, for it would oppress and
stifle him.

E. SWEDENBORG

Divine Providence

They are not Dead ☞

I DELIGHT in believing myself as
immortal as God Himself.

BARON MONTESQUIEU



THE facts of life inspire the
hope

That, in a world of larger scope,
What here was faithfully begun
Will be completed—not undone.

UNKNOWN



OH, wondrous scheme devised
on high,

At once to take and give :
He that is born begins to die,
And he that dies to live.
For life is death, and death is life,
A harmony of endless strife ;
The mode of universal growth
Is seen alike in both.

UNKNOWN

✻ They are not Dead

WHEN the body is no longer able to discharge its functions in the natural world, corresponding to the thoughts and affections of its spirit, which it has from the Spiritual world, then man is said to die; and this occurs when the breathing of the lungs and the beating of the heart cease. Yet the man does not then die, but is only separated from the body which was of use to him in the world; for the man himself lives . . . because man is not man by virtue of his body, but by virtue of his spirit; for it is the spirit which thinks in man, and thought united with affection constitutes the man. Hence it is evident that when man dies

They are not Dead ❧

he only passes from one world to another.

On this account, death in the internal sense of the word means resurrection and continuation of life.

E. SWEDENBORG
Heaven and Hell



THE inhabitants of heaven are continually advancing towards the spring-time of life, with an increase of delight in proportion to the increase of their love, charity, and faith. Goodness and charity mould their forms, presenting in them a likeness of themselves, and causing the joy and beauty of charity to shine forth from every feature; so that they

✻ They are not Dead

are the very embodiments of charity itself. In a word, to grow old in heaven is to grow young.

E. SWEDENBORG

Heaven and Hell



I LANGUISH from this earth to flee,
And gasp for immortality.

CHARLES WESLEY



WAITING to receive thy spirit,
Lo! the Saviour stands
above!

Shows the purchase of His merit,
Reaches out the crown of love.

CHARLES WESLEY



AS manifestly as the human soul
is by means of the senses
linked to the present life, so mani-
festly it attaches itself by reason,

They are not Dead ❧

and the conceptions, conclusions,
anticipations and efforts to which
reason leads it, to God and eternity.

ERNEST PLATNER



WHEN I learn'd that thou wast
dead,

Say, wast thou conscious of the
tears I shed?

Hover'd thy spirit o'er thy sorrow-
ing son?

.
Perhaps thou gav'st me, though
unfelt, a kiss:

Perhaps a tear, if souls can weep
in bliss.

.
Thyself removed, thy power to
soothe me left.

WILLIAM COWPER

✻ They are not Dead

LIFE is rather a state of embryo, a preparation for life; a man is not completely born till he has passed through death.

BENJAMIN FRANKLIN



AND when I die,
Let me in the belief expire—
To God I fly.

ROBERT BURNS



DEATH is a commingling of eternity with time; in the death of a good man eternity is seen looking through time.

UNKNOWN



DEATH gives us eternal youth and immortality.

JEAN PAUL

They are not Dead ❀

THE door of death is made of
gold
That mortal eyes cannot behold;
But when the mortal eyes are
closed,
And cold and pale the limbs re-
posed,
The soul awakes, and wondering
sees,
In her mild hand the golden keys.

WILLIAM BLAKE

The Golden Keys



FOR wounds like these Christ is
the only cure :
Go, speak to them of His world to
come,
Where friends shall meet and know
each other's face.

CHARLES LAMB

✻ They are not Dead

CHRIST is risen ! We are risen !
Shed upon us heavenly grace,
Rain and dew and gleams of glory
From the brightness of Thy face !
So that we, with hearts in heaven,
Here on earth may fruitful be ;
And by angel-hands be gathered,
And be ever, Lord, with Thee.

CHARLES WORDSWORTH



PARADISE is a central spot
where the souls of all mankind
arrive by different roads ; each sect
has its own particular path.

NAPOLEON



Table Talk

DEATH is the veil which those who
live call life :
They sleep, and it is lifted.

P. B. SHELLEY

They are not Dead ❧

DEATH comes to set thee free;
Oh, meet him cheerily
As thy true friend,
And all thy fears shall cease,
And in eternal peace
Thy penance end.

DE LA MOTTE FOUQUÉ



I CHANGE, but I cannot die!

P. B. SHELLEY



IMMORTALITY o'ersweeps
All pains, all tears, all time, all
fears—and peals
Like the eternal thunders of the
deep
Into my ears this truth—Thou
liv'st for ever!

LORD BYRON

✽ They are not Dead

HE ne'er is crowned
With immortality, who fears
to follow
Where airy voices lead.

JOHN KEATS



HE wakes or sleeps with the
enduring dead;
Thou canst not soar where he is
sitting now;
Dust to the dust! But the pure
spirit shall flow
Back to the burning fountain
whence it came,
A portion of the Eternal, which
must glow
Through time and change, un-
quenchably the same.

.

They are not Dead ❧

Peace, peace ! He is not dead, he
doth not sleep—
He hath awakened from the dream
of life.
He has outsoared the shadow of
our night ;
Envy and calumny and hate and
pain,
And that unrest, which men mis-
call delight,
Can touch him not and torture not
again.

P. B. SHELLEY

Adonais



WHAT a world were this,
How unendurable its weight,
if they
Whom death hath sunder'd did not
meet again !

ROBERT SOUTHEY

✻ They are not Dead

THEY never fail who die
In a great cause. . . .
But still their spirit walks abroad.

LORD BYRON



DUST, to its narrow house
beneath!

Soul to its place on high!
They that have seen thy look in
death

No more may fear to die.

MRS HEMANS



I GAZE at night into the bound-
less sky,

And think that I shall there be
born again.

. . . I hope
To find in heaven the things I
loved on earth.

ROBERT SOUTHEY

They are not Dead ❀

OH! change — oh! wondrous
change!

Burst are the prison bars!
This moment there, so low,
So agonized—and now
Beyond the stars!

Oh! change—stupendous change!
There lies the soulless clod!
The sun eternal breaks;
The new immortal wakes—
Wakes with his God.

CAROLINE SOUTHEY



BUT thou, my friend, my
brother!

Thou'rt speeding to the shore
Where the dirge-like tune of part-
ing words

Shall smite the soul no more!

✻ They are not Dead

And thou wilt see our holy dead,
The lost on earth and main.
Into the sheaf of kindred hearts
Thou wilt be bound again!

MRS HEMANS



HIS life is bright—bright without
spot it *was*
And cannot cease to be.

S. T. COLERIDGE



DEATH is but the greatest act of life
Since it gives birth to a higher
state of existence.

A. DE LAMARTINE



OF this I am assured, that there
is no such thing as forgetful-
ness possible to the mind. A
thousand circumstances may and
will interpose a veil between our

They are not Dead ❧

present consciousness and the secret inscriptions of the mind, but alike whether veiled or invisible, the inscriptions remain for ever—just as the stars seem to withdraw from the common light of day, whereas we all know it is the light which is drawn over them as a veil and that they are waiting to be revealed when the obscuring daylight shall have withdrawn.

THOMAS DE QUINCEY



I FEEL in myself the future life. . . .

When I go down to the grave I can say like many others, "I have finished my day's work." But I cannot say, "I have finished my life." My day's work will begin

✻ They are not Dead

again the next morning. The tomb is not a blind alley; it is a thoroughfare. It closes on the twilight, it opens on the dawn.

VICTOR HUGO



I KNOW them — love them —
mourn not them to leave;
Existence and its changing my
spirit cannot grieve.

ROBERT NICOLL



YOUR loved one is a mind—an immortal mind—a spiritual form, not a mortal form—and you deceive yourself and cause yourself useless sorrow every time that you think that your beloved is dead. The body is dead, but the body is not your beloved.

They are not Dead ❀

Think of your loved one as a spiritual form of life and intelligence, living, now, in the realm of spiritual existence.

UNKNOWN



O GLORIOUS end of life's short day of sadness!

O blessed course so well and nobly run!

O home of true and everlasting gladness!

O crown unfading! And so early won!

UNKNOWN



A CHANGE from woe to joy—
from earth to heaven,

Death gives me this—it leads me
calmly where

✻ They are not Dead

The souls that long ago from mine
were riven

May meet again! Death answers
many a prayer.

Bright day, shine on! be glad:
days brighter far

Are stretched before my eyes than
those of mortals are!

ROBERT NICOLL



THE sacred tie
Is broken; yet why grieve?
for Time but holds

His moiety in trust, till Joy shall
lead

To the blest world where parting
is unknown.

WILLIAM WORDSWORTH

Written after the death of Charles Lamb

They are not Dead ❧

THE dead! Is it *you* who call
us dead?

What! You who wait for the
birth,
Who wait to pass hence from
the prison of sense,
From the body and brain of
earth?

UNKNOWN



MANY men, in all ages, have
triumphed over death, and
led it captive;—converting its
physical victory into a moral
victory for themselves, into a
seal and immortal consecration,
for all that their past life had
achieved.

THOMAS CARLYLE

✻ They are not Dead

THE earth doth mourn her
treasures lost,

All sepulchred beneath the snow,
When wintry winds and chilling
frost

Have laid her summer glories
low :

The spring returns, the flowerets
bloom—

An angel sits beside the tomb.

Then mourn we not belovèd dead ;
E'en while we come to weep and
pray,

The happy spirit far hath fled
To brighter realms of endless
day :

Immortal hope dispels the gloom—
An angel sits beside the tomb.

SARAH F. ADAMS

They are not Dead ❧

WE know full well that in the
dim Hereafter,
The thread of that great scheme,
whereof this life
Is—as a something tells us—but a
part,
Shall not be lost but taken up
again,
And woven into one completed
whole.

UNKNOWN



No stab the soul can kill.

SIR JOHN DAVIS



HIS love is not dead. It lives
still in the next world for you,
and perhaps with you. For why
should not those who are gone, if
they are gone to their Lord, be

✻ They are not Dead

actually near us, not further from us, in the heavenly world, praying for us, and it may be influencing and guiding us in a hundred ways?

CHARLES KINGSLEY

Letter to a Widow



DEATH is life's gate.

P. J. BAILEY



THE death-change comes.

Death is another life. We
bow our heads
At going out, we think, and enter
straight
Another golden chamber of the
King's,
Larger than this we leave, and
lovelier.

P. J. BAILEY

They are not Dead ❧

GLORY's temple is the tomb;
Death is immortality.

J. MONTGOMERY



THOSE who are gone you have.
Those who departed loving
you love still; and you love them
always. They are not really gone,
those dear hearts and true—they
are only gone into the next room;
and you will presently get up and
follow them, and yonder door will
be closed upon you, and you will
be no more seen.

W. M. THACKERAY



THE old, old fashion—Death
—Oh! thank God, all who
see it, for that older fashion yet
of—Immortality.

CHARLES DICKENS

✻ They are not Dead

I AM going—a long way—to my father and mother—and to the light. I shall not be a cripple there—nor be in pain—God bless you, dear fellows;—I am going to God.

DEAN FARRAR

Eric, or Little by Little



“AFTER we reach York we may be no longer alone in the carriage. Will you answer me one question? What do you think your occupation will be in the Future Life?”

The great scientific man quickly turned upon me with his eagle eyes, the wonder of all who saw them, and thrice clasping his hands with energy, said, “‘Eye hath not seen, nor ear heard, neither have

They are not Dead ❧

entered into the heart of man, the things which God hath prepared for them that love Him.' I shall be with Christ: that is enough for me."

*Faraday's answer to Sir Henry Acland,
on their way to York*



SO not alone we land upon that
shore:

'Twill be as though we had been
there before;

We shall meet more we know
Than we can meet here below,
And find our rest, like some re-
turning dove,

And be at home at once with our
Eternal love!

F. W. FABER

✻ They are not Dead

THERE is no death, the dust
we tread
Shall change beneath the summer
showers
To golden grain, or mellow fruit,
Or rainbow-tinted flowers.
And ever near us, though unseen,
The dear immortal spirits tread.
For all the boundless universe
Is Life. *There are no dead.*

LORD LYTTON



I GO to life and not to death,
From darkness to life's native
sky;
I go from sickness and from pain
To health and immortality.

HORATIUS BONAR

They are not Dead ❧

OH, tell me not that they are dead—that generous host, that airy army of invisible heroes! They hover as a cloud of witnesses above this nation. Are they dead that yet speak louder than we can speak, and a more universal language? Are they dead that yet act? Are they dead that yet move upon society, and inspire the people with nobler motives and more heroic patriotism?

HENRY WARD BEECHER



I GO lonely, I go lonely, and I feel that earth is only
The vestibule of palaces whose
courts we never win;

✻ They are not Dead

Yet I see my palace shining where
my lovesits amaranths twining,
And I know the gates stand open,
and I shall enter in.

D. M. MULOCK



LOVE is life, and death at last
Crowns it eternal and divine.

ADELAIDE A. PROCTER



“GOD lent him and takes him,”
you sigh ;

—Nay, there let me break with
your pain :

God's generous in giving, say I ;
And the thing which He gives I deny
That He ever can take back again.

.
He gives what He gives. Be con-
tent !

They are not Dead ❧

He resumes nothing given, be
sure!

.
He lends not, but gives to the end,
As He loves to the end. If it seem
That He draws back a gift, com-
prehend

'Tis to add to it rather, amend,
And finish it up to your dream.

E. B. BROWNING



I AM strong,
Knowing ye are not lost for
aye among
The hills, with last year's thrush.
God keeps a niche
In Heaven, to hold our idols : and
albeit
He brake them to our faces, and
denied

✻ They are not Dead

That our close kisses should impair
their white,—
I know we shall behold them raised,
complete,
The dust swept from their beauty,
—glorified
New Memnons singing in the
great God-light.

E. B. BROWNING



Futurity

I WENT to sleep; and now I am
refreshed.
A strange refreshment: for I feel
in me
An inexpressive lightness, and a
sense
Of freedom, as I were at length
myself,
And ne'er had been before. How
still it is!

They are not Dead ❧

I hear no more the busy beat of
time,
No, nor my fluttering breath, nor
struggling pulse;
Nor does one moment differ from
the next.

CARDINAL NEWMAN
The Dream of Gerontius



A LONG my earthly life, the
thought of death
And judgment was to me most
terrible.

Now that the hour is come, my
fear is fled;
And at this balance of my destiny,
Now close upon me, I can forward
look
With a serenest joy.

CARDINAL NEWMAN
The Dream of Gerontius

✻ They are not Dead

LIFE is real! Life is earnest!
And the grave is not its goal:
“Dust thou art, to dust returnest,”
Was not spoken of the soul.

H. W. LONGFELLOW



YES,—for one moment thou
shalt see thy Lord.
Thus will it be: what time thou
art arraigned
Before the dread tribunal, and thy
lot
Is cast for ever, should it be to sit
On His right hand among His
pure elect,
Then sight, or that which to the
soul is sight,
As by a lightning-flash, will come
to thee,

They are not Dead ❀

And thou shalt see, amid the dark
profound,
Whom thy soul loveth, and would
fain approach.

CARDINAL NEWMAN

The Dream of Gerontius



AND the mother gave, in tears
and pain,

The flowers she most did love ;
She knew she should find them
all again

In the fields of light above.

H. W. LONGFELLOW



DEATH brings us again to our
friends. They are waiting
for us, and we shall not be long.
They have gone before us, and
are like the angels in heaven.

✻ They are not Dead

They stand upon the borders
of the grave to welcome us
with the countenance of affection
which they wore on earth,—yet
more lovely, more radiant, more
spiritual.

H. W. LONGFELLOW

The Blank-Book of a Country Schoolmaster



THE wonderful Dead who have
passed through the body and
gone,

But were back once more to
breathe in an old world worth
their new.

There shall never be one lost good !
What was, shall live as before ;
The evil is null, is nought, is silence
implying sound ;

They are not Dead ❧

What was good shall be good, with,
for evil, so much good more;
On the earth the broken arcs; in
the heaven, a perfect round.

All we have willed or hoped or
dreamed of good, shall exist;
Not its semblance, but itself; no
beauty, nor good, nor power
Whose voice has gone forth, but
each survives for the melodist.

.
We shall hear it by and by.

ROBERT BROWNING

Abt Vogler



DEATH with the might of his
sunbeam
Touches the flesh and the soul
awakes.

ROBERT BROWNING

The Flight of the Duchess

✻ They are not Dead

SOFTLY and gently, dearly-
ransomed soul,

In my most loving arms I now
enfold thee,

And o'er the penal waters, as they
roll,

I poise thee, and I lower thee,
and hold thee.

And carefully I dip thee in the lake,
And thou, without a sob or a
resistance,

Dost through the flood thy rapid
passage take,

Sinking deep, deeper, into the
dim distance.

Angels, to whom the willing task
is given,

Shall tend, and nurse, and lull
thee, as thou liest;

They are not Dead ❀

And Masses on the earth, and
prayers in heaven,
Shall aid thee at the throne of
the Most Highest.

Farewell, but not for ever ! brother
dear,
Be brave and patient on thy bed
of sorrow ;
Swiftly shall pass thy night of
trial here,
And I will come and wake thee
on the morrow.

CARDINAL NEWMAN
The Dream of Gerontius



GOD is, and the soul is, and, as
certain, after death shall be.

ROBERT BROWNING
La Saisiaz

✻ They are not Dead

O LYRIC Love, half angel and
half bird

And all a wonder and a wild desire—

... Can thy soul know change?

Hail then, and hearken from the
realms of help!

Never may I commence my song,
my due

To God Who best taught song by
gift of thee,

Except with bent head and be-
seeching hand—

That still, despite the distance and
the dark,

What was, again may be; some
interchange

Of grace, some splendour once thy
very thought,

Some benediction anciently thy
smile;

They are not Dead ❧

. . . So blessing back
In those thy realms of help, that
heaven thy home,
Some whiteness which, I judge, thy
face makes proud,
Some wanness where, I think, thy
foot may fall !

ROBERT BROWNING

The Ring and the Book

(Mrs Browning died in 1861. Browning wrote
"The Ring and the Book" in 1868)



FOR sudden the worst turns the
best to the brave,
The black minute's at end.
. . . First a peace, then a joy,
Then a light, then thy breast,
O thou soul of my soul ! I shall
clasp thee again,
And with God be the rest !

ROBERT BROWNING

Prospice

✻ They are not Dead

THERE is no Death! What
seems so is transition;
This life of mortal breath
Is but a suburb of the life Elysian,
Whose portal we call death.

H. W. LONGFELLOW



WE die: which means to say,
the whole's removed,
Dismounted wheel by wheel, this
complex gin,—
To be set up anew elsewhere,
begin
A task indeed, but with a clearer
clime
Than the murk lodgment of our
building-time.

ROBERT BROWNING

Sordello

They are not Dead ❀

THEY do not die
Nor lose their mortal sympathy,
Nor change to us, although they
change.

LORD TENNYSON



In Memoriam, 30

WHAT is left for us, save, in
growth
Of soul, to rise, . . .
From the gift looking to the Giver,
And from the cistern to the River,
And from the finite to Infinity,
And from man's dust to God's
divinity?

ROBERT BROWNING

Christmas Eve and Easter Day



DEATH is but another phase of life.

THOMAS CARLYLE

✻ They are not Dead

NO visual shade of some one
lost,

But he, the Spirit himself, may
come

Where all the nerve of sense is
numb;

Descend, and touch, and enter;
hear

The wish too strong for words
to name;

That in this blindness of the
frame

My Ghost may feel that thine is
near.

LORD TENNYSON

In Memoriam, 92



THE face of Death is toward the
Sun of Life.

LORD TENNYSON

They are not Dead ❧

BUT deep within my heart of
 hearts there hid
Ever the confidence, amends for
 all,
That heaven repairs what wrong
 earth's journey did,
When love from lifelong exile
 comes at call.

ROBERT BROWNING



THAT nothing walks with aim-
 less feet;
That not one life shall be de-
 stroy'd,
Or cast as rubbish to the void,
When God hath made the pile
 complete.

LORD TENNYSON

In Memoriam, 53

✻ They are not Dead

DEAR heavenly friend that canst
not die,
Mine, mine, for ever, ever mine.

LORD TENNYSON

In Memoriam, 128



STRONG Son of God, immortal
Love,

Whom we, that have not seen
thy face,
By faith, and faith alone, embrace,
Believing where we cannot prove ;
Thine are these orbs of light and
shade ;
Thou madest Life in man and
brute ;
Thou madest Death ; and lo, thy
foot
Is on the skull which thou hast
made.

They are not Dead ❧

Thou wilt not leave us in the dust :
Thou madest man, he knows not
why ;
He thinks he was not made to
die ;
And thou hast made him : thou art
just.

LORD TENNYSON
In Memoriam, Prologue



COME away : for Life and
Thought
Here no longer dwell ;
But in a city glorious—
A great and distant city—have
bought
A mansion incorruptible.

LORD TENNYSON
The Deserted House

✻ They are not Dead

THE brave who died
Died without flinching in the
crimson surf;
They sleep as well beneath the
purple tide
As others under turf.

They sleep as well! and roused
from their wild grave,
Wearing their wounds like stars,
shall rise again
Joint-heirs with Christ, because
they bled to save
His weak ones, not in vain.

SIR FRANCIS DOYLE



BEYOND the darkness, light,
beyond the scathe,
Healing, beyond the Cross, a palm-
branch tree,

They are not Dead ❧

Beyond Death, Life, on evidence
of faith,
I lift mine eyes to see.

D. G. ROSSETTI



ETERNAL form shall still
divide

The eternal soul from all beside ;
And I shall know him when we
meet.

LORD TENNYSON

In Memoriam, 46



AGRIEF not uninformed, and
dull,

Hearted with hope, of hope as
full

As is the blood with life, or night
And a dark cloud with rich moon-
light.

✻ They are not Dead

To stand beside a grave, and see
The red small atoms wherewith we
Are built, and smile in calm, and
say—

“These little motes and grains shall
be

Clothed with immortality
More glorious than the noon of
day.”

LORD TENNYSON



By our bereavements we are in part
translated to the world unseen.

CARDINAL MANNING



FROM Earth to Heaven is dying?
I joy to die!

The blissful ramparts nighing,
Their light and glories spying,
I mount on high.

J. TAYLOR

They are not Dead ❧

NO: I shall pass into the Morn-
ing Land

As now from sleep into the life
of morn ;

Live the new life of the new
world, unshorn

Of the swift brain, the executing
hand ;

See the dense darkness suddenly
withdrawn,

As when Orion's sightless eyes
discerned the dawn.

I shall behold it: I shall see the utter
Glory of sunrise heretofore un-
seen,

Freshening the woodland ways
with brighter green,

And calling into life all wings that
flutter,

✻ They are not Dead

All throats of music and all eyes
of light,
And driving o'er the verge the
intolerable night.

O virgin world! O marvellous far
days!

No more with dreams of grief
doth love grow bitter,
Nor trouble dim the lustre wont
to glitter
In happy eyes. Decay alone de-
cays:

A moment—death's dull sleep is
o'er; and we
Drink the immortal morning air,
Earine.

MORTIMER COLLINS



They are not Dead ☸

O, MAY I join the choir invisible
Of those immortal dead who live
again!

GEORGE ELIOT



TO Him I yield my spirit;
On Him I lay my load;
Fear ends with Death; beyond it
I nothing see but—God.

W. R. GREG



LIFE is the jailor, Death the
angel sent
To draw the unwilling bolts and
set us free.
He flings not ope the ivory gate
of Rest,—
Only the fallen spirit knocks at
that,—

✻ They are not Dead

But to benigner regions beckons
us,
To destinies of more rewarded toil.

J. R. LOWELL



I SWEAR I think now that every-
thing without exception has an
eternal soul!

I swear I think there is nothing
but immortality!

WALT WHITMAN



THE whole material universe
exists and is designed for the
production of immortal spirits.

ALFRED RUSSEL WALLACE

They are not Dead ❧

I SEE them muster in a gleaming
row

With ever youthful brows that
nobler show ;

. . . They come transfigured back,
Secure from change in their high-
hearted ways,

Beautiful ever more!—and with
the rays

Of morn on their white shields of
expectation.

J. R. LOWELL



I CANNOT say and I will not say
That he is dead—he is just
away.

With a tender smile and a wave
of the hand

He has wandered into an unknown
land,

✻ They are not Dead

And left us dreaming how very
fair

It needs must be since he lingers
there.

Think of him just the same, I
say:

He is not dead, he is just away.

SIR EDWIN ARNOLD



THE one whom you call dead
Lives and loves you. Gone,
'tis true,

From such a light as shines for
you,

But in the light you cannot see
Of unfilled felicity

In enlarging Paradise

Lives a life that never dies.

SIR EDWIN ARNOLD

They are not Dead ☩

THROUGH the drear silence
of the moonless dark,
Leaving no footprint on the
road it trod,
Straight as an arrow cleaving to
its mark,
The soul went home to God.
“Alas!” they cried, “he never saw
the morn,
But fell asleep outwearied with
the strife”—
Nay, rather, he arose and met the
dawn
Of everlasting life.

UNKNOWN



INSTEAD of despair I felt the joy
and happiness of a life never to be
destroyed by death.

COUNT TOLSTOY

✽ They are not Dead

NEVER the spirit was born;
the spirit shall cease to be
never;

Never was time it was not; End
and Beginning are dreams!
Birthless and deathless and change-
less remaineth the spirit for
ever;

Death hath not touched it at all,
dead though the house of it
seems! . . .

Nay, but as when one layeth
His worn-out robes away,
And, taking new ones, sayeth,
“These will I wear to-day!”
So putteth by the spirit
Lightly its garb of flesh,
And passeth to inherit
A residence afresh.

SIR EDWIN ARNOLD
Translation of the Bhagavad Gītā.

They are not Dead ❧

IT is a blessed thing indeed that none of us can take our rubbish to another world ; for if we could, some of the many mansions would be little better than lumber-rooms.

JEAN INGELow



THE future world . . . must be a life of activity, for happiness is dependent on activity. Death is cessation of movement ; life is all movement.

GENERAL GORDON



I READ that, in his sleep, the
poet died
Ere the day broke ;
In a new dawn, as rose earth's
crimson tide,
His spirit woke.

RICHARD WATSON GILDER

✻ They are not Dead

WITH respect to immortality, nothing shows me so clearly how strong and almost instinctive a belief it is. . . . Believing as I do that man in the distant future will be a far more perfect creature than he now is, it is an intolerable thought that he and all other sentient beings are doomed to complete annihilation after such long-continued slow progress.

CHARLES DARWIN



THE joys of the larger life, the loves which pass unbroken through death, the glad companionships which irradiate immortal life with beauty and with happiness.

ANNIE BESANT

They are not Dead ☞

DEATH is *but the other side of* life. . . .

Immortality is not the resumption of the physical body, but the continuity of the spiritual life. . . . We are apt to look upon the soul as something essentially unreal, as a sort of *ghost*, whose very existence it would be difficult to prove. This is rank materialism. If there *were* any difficulty, its existence would never be proved at all. It is its own proof. "I am conscious, therefore I am." That is the only proof there is for it. And so far from being difficult, it is the simplest of truths. We say a man has a soul. That, again, is rank materialism. He has a great many things—a body among the

✻ They are not Dead

rest. But he *has not* a soul. That is not a thing he possesses. It is his very self. He *is* a soul. He is a being who feels and sees and hears and thinks and remembers, and acts and communicates with other beings. It is not the body that does these things. The body is only *an instrument* by which the soul is enabled to do them. When a man dies, we say his soul has left him. That is another instance of rank materialism. His soul has not left him. How could it? It is he, and he is it. . . . In one word, Death is Resurrection.

DR A. W. MOMERIE

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They are not Dead ☸

THIS is the first and most prominent fact — that we have not here a strange, new life, but a continuation of the present one. We are not separated from the dead, for they are here about us all the time. The only separation is the limitation of our consciousness, so that we have lost, not our loved ones, but the power to see them. . . .

It is a definite fact that the ties of affection are as strong as ever, and so the moment the man is freed from the chains of his physical encasement he naturally seeks the company of those whom he loves. . . .

Whether you recollect them or not, they are still living their life

✻ They are not Dead

close to you, and the only difference is that they have taken off their robe of flesh which we call the body. . . .

The man's passions, affections, emotions, and intellect are not the least affected when he dies, for none of these belong to the physical body which he has laid aside.

C. W. LEADBEATER

Life After Death

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Publishing House*



SO I said to my heart: "Be silent;
The mystery of time is here;
Death's way will be plain when we
fathom the main
And the secret of life be clear."

PAUL LAURENCE DUNBAR

They are not Dead ❧

TO believe in Immortality is to believe that there is reason and Righteousness at the heart of things.

To believe in Immortality is to believe that there is a Somewhat, a Some One, without us, willing, longing, to answer the aspirations within us.

DR A. W. MOMERIE

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WE are too stupid about death.
We will not learn
How it is wages paid to those who
earn,
How it is the gift for which on
earth we yearn,
To be set free from the bondage
to the flesh ;

✻ They are not Dead

How it is turning seed-corn into
grain,
How it is winning heaven's eternal
gain,
How it means freedom ever more
from pain,
How it untangles every mortal
mesh.

WILLIAM CROSWELL DOANE



THE Saints of God! their con-
flict past,
And life's long battle won at last,
No more they need the shield or
sword,
They cast them down before their
Lord :
O happy Saints! for ever blest,
At Jesus' feet how safe your rest!

ARCHBISHOP MACLAGAN

They are not Dead ❧

THE greatest thinkers in all ages have invariably believed in Immortality.

DR A. W. MOMERIE

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THERE is a survival and a persistence of the soul. Death breaks up the machinery of the body, but that which is dearest and familiar and distinctive, the Personality, does not perish with flesh tissues.

HAROLD BEGBIE



NOT in this world of shows, but in the world of realities, was the next lesson to be taught to that advancing soul.

F. W. H. MYERS

Science and a Future Life

✻ They are not Dead

I WHO outwear the form I take,
When I put off this garb of
flesh,
Still in immortal youth shall wait
And somewhere clothe my life
afresh.

A. ST JOHN ADCOCK



SOULS shall climb fast their age-
long way,
With all to conquer, all to know :
But thou, true Heart! for aye
shalt keep
Thy loyal faith, thine ancient
flame ;—
Be stilled an hour, and stir from
sleep
Reborn, rerisen, and yet the same.

F. W. H. MYERS

Fragments of Prose and Poetry

By permission of

Messrs Longmans, Green & Co.

They are not Dead ☸

ALL the beauty and glory of the universe is in the desire of God for man to be equal with Himself, and in the answering desire of man. And that also is the beauty and glory of heaven, more intense than on earth because there man is closer to God.

A. CLUTTON-BROCK

Immortality

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THE Communion of Saints not only adorns but constitutes the Life Everlasting. Nay, from the law of telepathy it follows that that communion is valid for us here and now. Even now the love of souls departed makes answer to our invocations. Even now our

✻ They are not Dead

loving memory—love is itself a prayer—supports and strengthens those delivered spirits upon their upward way. No wonder; since we are to them but as fellow-travellers shrouded in a mist; “neither death, nor life, nor height, nor depth, nor any other creature,” can bar us from the hearth-fire of the universe, or hide for more than a moment the inconceivable oneness of souls. . . .

Has any world-scheme yet been suggested so profoundly corroborative of the very core of the Christian revelation? Jesus Christ “brought life and immortality to light.” By His appearance after bodily death He proved the deathlessness of the spirit. By His

They are not Dead ☩

character and His teaching He testified to the Fatherhood of God. So far, then, as His unique message admitted of evidential support, it is here supported. So far as He promised things unprovable, that promise is here renewed.

I venture now on a bold saying ; for I predict that, in consequence of the new evidence, all reasonable men, a century hence, will believe the Resurrection of Christ. . . .

Ever more clearly must our age of science realize that any relation between a material and a spiritual world cannot be an ethical or emotional relation alone ; that it must needs be a great structural fact of the Universe, involving laws at least as persistent, as

✻ They are not Dead

identical from age to age, as our known laws of Energy or of Motion. And especially as to that central claim, of the soul's life manifested after the body's death, it is plain that this can less and less be supported by remote tradition alone; that it must more and more be tested by modern experience and inquiry. . . .

We have shown . . . that veritable manifestations do reach us from beyond the grave. The central claim of Christianity is thus confirmed as never before. If our own friends, men like ourselves, can sometimes return to tell us of love and hope, a mightier Spirit may well have used the eternal laws with a more commanding power.

They are not Dead ❧

There is nothing to hinder the reverent faith that though we be all "the children of the Most Highest," He came nearer than we, by some space by us immeasurable, to That which is infinitely far.

F. W. H. MYERS

Human Personality

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I BELIEVE that the change we call death is far more incidental than we have heretofore believed, that the withdrawal from the physical body in which we have sojourned temporarily is no break in consciousness; that as we leave the physical we enter on the next plane in the ethereal environment.

LILIAN WHITING

✻ They are not Dead

I FOLLOW, with wet eyes,
Your boat's white, lonely track;
But vex you not with sighs,
Nor long that you were back :
Your boat with sails of snow
Came safe to port, I know.

Oh, safe for evermore,
With never a weird to dree ;
Is any burden sore
When one's beloved goes free ?

.
You are so far away,
And yet are come so near ;
On many a heavy day
I think of you, my dear,
Safe in your shelter there,
Christ's hand upon your hair.

KATHARINE TYNAN HINKSON

The Heart of a Mother

By permission of the Author

They are not Dead ❧

THE dear ones left behind—O
foolish one and blind!

A day, and you will meet—a night,
and you will greet.

MALTBIE D. BABCOCK



IMMORTALITY is a truth, not of
reason, but of revelation, a gift of
God.

EDWARD WHITE



ELEVEN men stood face to face
with the Risen Saviour as He
manifested Himself from the plane
of spirit-life; they recognized Him,
they heard Him speak, and spoke
to Him, and yet some of them
doubted.

REV. ARTHUR CHAMBERS

Thoughts of the Spiritual

✻ They are not Dead

DEATH is nought but an immortal birth cradled in flames. . . . Let us accustom ourselves to regard death as a form of life which we do not yet understand.

M. MAETERLINCK

Death



IF we allow ourselves to regard death as the final and irreparable ending both of life itself as well as its relationships, then are we, in St Paul's words, of all men most miserable. . . .

It is impossible to conceive of life ceasing, however much we may be sure that its outward form and setting is subject to constant change. . . .

They are not Dead ❧

There is no break or bar, except in the transference to another sphere, which, because it is unseen and spiritual, is infinitely more real and fruitful.

THE RIGHT REV. JOHN T. P. MAUD, D.D.

Bishop of Kensington

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LET love cast out all our fears for those who have passed from our sight into the Light of His Presence, to be “with Him in Paradise”: to be in the Father’s hands, from Whose loving grasp, Christ has said, “none can pluck them”; where no torment shall touch them.

THE RIGHT REV. JOHN T. P. MAUD, D.D.

Bishop of Kensington

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✻ They are not Dead

TO know that Death denudes us of nought but our physical encasement; that it is but the birth pang that ushers us into fuller being, and the God-appointed gateway through which we pass to greater possibilities.

REV. ARTHUR CHAMBERS

Vicar of Brockenhurst, Hants



PHILOSOPHICALLY, of course, the continuity of individuality is a fact, because each one is a thought of the Infinite Originator which He can never unthink; and yet, sometimes, in the keen agony of bereavement, in the intense yearning for realized communion and interchange of thought with a beloved departed one, the faith-

They are not Dead ☩

less question will arise and whispers: "Does the life of the next world mean the same dear personality, or some vague, unrecognisable absorption into the Immensity of the Infinite life of God?" Christ's word of command, spoken as the mouthpiece of the Infinite Mind, sets the question at rest. He always appealed to the individual. He recognized no change of personality through the death of the body. He speaks to the individual, in un-mutilated completeness, though the shell, the body, is cast off: "Young man, I say unto thee." "Talitha cumi—Damsel, I say unto thee." "Lazarus, come forth." The bodies of these persons were dead, used-up matter, without

✠ They are not Dead

motion or sensation. The persons were alive, in full consciousness, and could hear and obey a voice which, winged with Divine authority and power, penetrated the sphere of being in which they were.

Our loved ones, who, like ourselves, are individualizations of Infinite Spirit, though now in a higher degree of self-recognition, are the same, the very persons we have known and loved; we shall be reunited; it is for us patiently to wait, and work, and abide in God.

ARCHDEACON WILBERFORCE

The Battle of the Lord

By permission of Elliot Stock,

Publisher, 7 Paternoster Row, London



They are not Dead ❀

IT is well to be close to the heart of Mother Earth and to hear the beating of her heart. A million myriads of years she has been young while we grow old. At last she will perish, but we shall not.

STOPFORD BROOKE
Life and Letters



THE Life-vessels for soul
passengers glide down
The River of Eternity.
O vast river! solemn river! yet
kind river!
The vessels that are love-roped by
the hand of God
Sail without failing into the Gate
of Heaven.

YONÈ NOGUCHI
Eastern Seas

✽ They are not Dead

OUR limbs may be torn to pieces, our bones mashed to powder, but our deeds, our thoughts, our feelings will survive. It is in the realm of sense and perception that we are born and die. In the realm where our true being resides there is no such thing as birth and death. In the spiritual kingdom ours is an eternal growth, a perpetual unfolding, a never-ending development.

RIGHT REV. SOYEN SHAKU



LET us cultivate the assurance that there is no death. Let us believe that they who have gone before, though we miss their dear forms more and more as time goes on, are living and loving

They are not Dead ❀

and watching and waiting for us. Let us lift the conscious mind over the narrow threshold, into the citizenship where our beloved are, and while thus seeking communion of spirit with spirit, patiently continue to do our duty here "until the day break" (the happy day of our own release) "and the shadows" (the shadows of earthly limitations) "flee away."

ARCHDEACON WILBERFORCE

There is no Death

By permission of Elliot Stock,

Publisher, 7 Paternoster Row, London



OUR dead are not only not dead, but more alive than we. To some extent they must need us still; the shock of passing out of the physical body cannot have

✻ They are not Dead

changed them very much; they want us, think of us, long to know that they are followed by our loving thoughts and prayers.

'Hopeless grief on our part can only distress and hamper those who have gone, . . . but earnest, faithful, persevering, loving prayer can reach to comfort them and cheer them on in their new venture of soul. Let all who have loved and lost think of this, and set to work to bridge the gulf of death accordingly, and it will bring healing to their own wounded hearts. Nay, more, I think they will find that ere long some sure conviction will come to them from the mysterious beyond, that what they are doing is known and responded

They are not Dead ❧

to by those on whose behalf it is done, and that they in their turn are sending back waves of heaven's tender grace and power to *bless* and strengthen their bereaved on earth.

REV. R. J. CAMPBELL

By permission of the Author



I AM as convinced of continued existence, on the other side of death, as I am of existence here. It may be said, you cannot be as sure as you are of sensory experience. I say I can. A physicist is never limited to direct sensory impressions; he has to deal with a multitude of conceptions and things for which he has no physical organ. The dynamic theory of

✻ They are not Dead

heat, for instance, and of gases, the theories of electricity, of magnetism, of chemical affinity, of cohesion, aye, and his apprehension of the Ether itself, lead him into regions where sight and hearing and touch are impotent as direct witnesses, where they are no longer efficient guides.

SIR OLIVER LODGE

Raymond

By permission of the Author



NOR let us imagine that existence hereafter, removed from these atoms of matter which now both confuse and manifest it, will be something so wholly remote and different as to be unimaginable; but let us learn by the testimony of experience — either

They are not Dead ❧

our own or that of others—that those who have been, still are; that they care for us and help us; that they too are progressing and learning and working and hoping.

SIR OLIVER LODGE

Raymond

By permission of the Author



LET us think of him, then, not as lying near Ypres with all his work ended, but rather, after due rest and refreshment, continuing his noble and useful career in most peaceful surroundings, and quietly calling us his family from paralysing grief to resolute and high endeavour.

SIR OLIVER LODGE

Raymond

By permission of the Author

✻ They are not Dead

*G*REAT-HEART is dead, they
say!—

What is death to such an one as
Great-Heart?

One sigh, perchance, for work
unfinished here;—

Then a swift passing to a
mightier sphere,

New joys, perfected powers, the
vision clear,

And all the amplitude of heaven
to work

The work he held so dear.

.
*A soul so fiery sweet can never die,
But lives and loves and works
through all eternity.*

JOHN OXENHAM

Bees in Amber

By permission of the Author

They are not Dead ❧

I CANNOT think of them as dead.
They are not dead. The deepest feeling of the time was, they were just transferred to another sphere of office.

BRITISH OFFICER

In a letter from the Gallipoli Peninsula



THIS mortal dies,—
But, in the moment when
the light fails here,
The darkness opens, and the vision
clear
Breaks on his eyes.
The veil is rent,—
On his enraptured gaze heaven's
glory breaks.
He was asleep, and in that moment
wakes.

JOHN OXENHAM

Bees in Amber

By permission of the Author

✻ They are not Dead

WE cannot conceive of a Heaven in which Christ would be content to dwell unless there was to be found in it the counterpart of other things He loved on earth, the wild flowers and the birds, the children playing, friends gathered round the common board, the fellowship of labour and of love, and the quiet hour on the mountainside at dawn.

REV. B. H. STREETER

Immortality

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THE fact that God has endowed man with capacity for religion cannot be reconciled with the notion that at death man is annihilated, or that his existence

They are not Dead ❧

after death is of the kind which in early days the Hebrews conceived life in Sheol to be. God has made men for communion with Himself; He loves them and intends them to love Him; it must be intolerable to His love that a true friendship once formed should cease.

REV. VINCENT HENRY STANTON, D.D.

The Teaching of Jesus Christ on the Life to Come

By permission of the Author



THE future will be no Nirvana of passionless contemplation, but a full activity of the whole personality in conscious harmony with other souls.

REV. B. H. STREETER

Immortality

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✻ They are not Dead

THAT beautiful declaration of Jesus, "I am the Resurrection and the Life," means more than we commonly think. Christ Himself has taken charge of all our dead hopes, our ruined plans, our buried joys, our broken dreams, our vanished years. He has laid them away safe in His Holy Sepulchre. So *our* rising again, in Jesus Christ, shall include the blossoming again, also, of every lovely thing that has withered out of our hearts. We shall regain, glorified, beyond, the precious gifts that greatened life on this side. No real treasure of the heart is ever wholly lost. You must look out for it, by and by.

H. STANLEY SHERGOLD, M.A.

They are not Dead ☸

I SEND my love unto my dead,
and they—

They know 'tis sent, that I have
not forgot;

For often when I am alone, I
feel

Their love return—and, oh, no
words can say

That peace that comes to me!

SAMUEL MINTURN PECK

Communion



AND those who loved and lost
so long ago,

Whose forms have vanished and
whose heads lie low,

They stand and wait us in the
Great Beyond,

And bless by watching as our life's
sands flow.

✻ They are not Dead

Knowledge will grow from pain
and Love from Death,
Light from the darkness dawn,
when my last breath
Is spent upon your name. I shall
pass hence
To face my God, safe in the sure
defence
That, loved by you, each sin will
be forgiven.

LIEUT. F. A. M. WEBSTER

Songs Apart

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